



SUMNER AT FAIR OAKS.

The Grand Old Soldier and His Superb
Second Corps.

AT A CRITICAL MOMENT,

Crossing the Swollen Chicka-
hominy by Frail Bridges.

WITH BALL AND BAYONET

His Troops Engage the Foe and
Wrest Victory from Defeat.BY GEN. FRANCIS A. WALKER.
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During the last days of May, 1862, the Army of the Potomac, having made its way up the Peninsula of Virginia, placed itself in front of Richmond, astraddle the Chickahominy. Much has been written of the conservatism and caution of Gen. McClellan, but



GEN. E. V. SUMNER.

It is doubtful if any other commander of the Army of the Potomac would have taken the risk which Gen. McClellan did, when on the 25th of May Keyes's Fourth Corps was advanced to Seven Pines, the junction of the so-called Nine Mile road with the stage road from Williamsburg to Richmond, while Heintzelman's Third Corps was also sent across the Chickahominy to cover the left and rear of Keyes's position, placing thus two-fifths of his army on the same side of a difficult and treacherous river with the entire force of the enemy; and that not close to the bank, where the flanks of the advanced force might have been covered by the fire of artillery from the opposite side, but far out of range and out of sight, its right flank "in air," its left flank inadequately protected by the White Oak Swamp, which near Seven Pines affords but a slight natural obstacle.

The Chickahominy as it crosses the plain east of Richmond is neither very wide nor very deep, but the densely wooded swamps which are invariably found on one or the other side of the river, often on both, make its passage by artillery and trains, and even by infantry,

BOTH DIFFICULT AND PRECARIOUS, subject, as the channel is, to sudden and violent overflow as the result of protracted rainfall. In spite, however, of this most formidable obstacle, Gen. McClellan, as nar-

tion of the army strong enough to repel any attack that might be made upon it. The force that should remain on the left bank could, in the nature of the situation, only be successfully attacked by a movement around its right flank, such as took place in the latter days of June, of which abundant notice would necessarily be given, and which would require for its execution the better part of two days.

On the other hand, it would be in the power of the Confederate commander, by the movements of a single night and morning, to concentrate against the forces on the right bank practically his entire army, and to attack this column at

HARDLY AN HOUR'S NOTICE. In spite of these obvious considerations, however, the Union left was advanced to Seven Pines, while the center, Sumner's Corps, was still upon the left bank, only two hastily-constructed bridges offering its passage in case of emergency, no bridges having as yet been completed on the front of Porter and Franklin.

Manifest as was the peril of the left wing in its advanced position at Seven Pines, that peril was greatly enhanced when a violent storm, setting in on the 30th of May and continuing through the night, set the treacher-

ing river to rising fast and furiously, threatening Sumner's extemporized bridges and rapidly making a lake of the swamps through which they must be approached. The plainest dictates of prudence required that the Second Corps should be thrown over the bridges held; yet no attention appears to have been given at headquarters to the danger of the left wing through all these hours while, in the darkness and the rain, 23 out of 27 of Johnston's infantry brigades were marching to take up their positions for an overwhelming attack upon two-fifths of the Potomac Army.

Johnston's general plan of attack was as follows: Hugor, commanding his right column, was to move well down the Charles City road and then push in rapidly and directly upon Keyes's left and rear. Longstreet and D. H. Hill were, at the given signal, to attack in front, down the Williamsburg stage road. G. W. Smith, with whom Johnston purposed to make his own headquarters, was to

ATTACK THE UNION RIGHT at Fair Oaks Station, and, after driving it in, to seize the road by which Sumner might advance from over the river to the support of the Fourth Corps.

Most fortunately for the Union cause, Hugor's movement against Keyes's left mis-

carried, and his column, losing its way here and delayed there by floods, failed to appear upon the field; but at 1 o'clock Longstreet and Hill burst upon Casey's Division with the utmost fury. Much was at the time said in disparagement of Casey's troops; but no equal body of men, sheltered by such trifling intrenchments, would have held their ground against the assault there delivered by the flower of the Confederate army.

Soon two of Couch's Brigades were caught in the storm, and, in spite of the gallantry of officers and men and of almost superhuman efforts on the part of Generals and staffs, the whole line was pressed steadily back. Even the arrival of the gallant division of Kearny, under its peerless leader, did not suffice to turn the tide of battle. The

Confederates would not be denied. Crossing the Nine Mile road, thus cutting off communication with Fair Oaks, they bore down on the Union right flank with continually increasing force, while their thickly-swarming brigades flung themselves upon our shattered lines in front with a desperate courage born of the belief that circumstances had at last placed a wing of the Potomac Army helpless at their mercy.

Yet, daring as was the advance, not less obstinate was the retreat. Keyes, Casey, Naglee, Peck and Devens from the Fourth Corps, Heintzelman, Kearny, Jameson and Berry from the Third, threw themselves INTO THE VERY FRONT OF BATTLE.

In the slender lines which here and there were formed to resist the progress of the enemy down the Williamsburg road, Colonels and Generals acted as file-squads, or rallied and led forward little squads and handfuls of broken men.

So stubborn was the contest that at nightfall the Confederates, who had begun the action with an overwhelming success, had only been able to push our troops back to the intrenchments constructed by Couch on the 27th and 28th in front of Savage Station; and here, for the time, the advance of Longstreet and Hill was stayed.

But what, all this time, had been doing on the right? Where was the column of G. W. Smith? While the action was in full progress in front of Seven Pines, and before the Confederates crossed the Nine Mile road, Couch had been ordered by Keyes to proceed to Fair Oaks to meet the anticipated movement of the enemy against our right. There was Abercrombie with Cochrane's 66th N. Y. and Williams's 83d Pa. and Brady's battery, and hither Couch led Liker's 63d N. Y. and David A. Russell's 7th Mass.

Had the plans of the Confederate commander been carried out, Fair Oaks would have been seized by 2 o'clock and the discomfiture of the Union left wing have been made complete; but a strange and unaccountable accident had prevented it. Owing, as Gen. Johnston reports, "to some peculiar condition of the atmosphere" that afternoon, neither Smith nor Johnston, though scarcely three miles distant,

HAD HEARD THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE along the Williamsburg road, and it was not until 4 o'clock that the Confederate commander was aware of the action that had been so long in progress so near him. At once the order was given which launched Smith's column upon the slender force at Fair Oaks Station. Instantly the Nine Mile road was cut by one of Whiting's Brigades, while others were moved around the right to envelop Couch and Abercrombie.

Seeing his little force threatened with immediate destruction, Couch reluctantly gave the order to fall back to the Adams House, about 800 yards from the Station. Further he could not go without exposing the flank of Keyes and Heintzelman, still making their gallant fight along the Williamsburg stage road; and this little command here halted to await its fate, looking forward to the overwhelming masses of the enemy, looking backward toward the river to catch the gleam of Sumner's bayonets. If, indeed, some good fortune should have sent the center corps to their relief.

There was nothing in the condition of the atmosphere that afternoon to keep the sound of battle from the ears of Gen. Sumner in his camp beyond the Chickahominy. At once the order was in the saddle and called his corps to arms. Soon orders came from Army Headquarters that the Second Corps should be prepared to march at a moment's notice; but this was already done. Every regimental line was formed; every staff was out, and from their camp Sumner's 15,000 men

LISTENED EAGERLY to every fresh burst of the cannonade. So anxious was Gen. Sumner about his frail bridges, so anxious concerning the fate of the Third and Fourth Corps, that he could not bear to wait in his camp the order to cross, but drew his two divisions out until the head of each column rested on its own bridge. Beyond this his sense of duty and discipline would not allow him to proceed.

The bridges over the Chickahominy were now in a terrible condition. The long corduroy approaches through the swamp were floating loosely upon the water, while that part of each bridge which crossed the channel could be seen rising and falling upon the swollen flood.

At last an order came that the corps should cross to the support of the imperiled left, and each column essayed to pass over its own bridge, but with different results. Scarcely had the leading brigade of Richardson's Division made its way to the opposite bank, when the still rising river carried away so much of the bridge as to render it hopeless to cross the remaining brigades. Sedgwick's Division alone had better fortune. Here the so-called grapevine bridge proved to have been more securely anchored, and the vast mass of infantry which soon crowded its roadway loaded it with a weight with which even

THE ANGRY CHICKAHOMINY could not trifle. Sedgwick was immediately followed by the two brigades of Richardson, coming up from below; and thus the Second Corps crossed to the support of its comrades on the left, by means of one frail, half-submerged bridge which soon itself became impassable.

The detention of Richardson had given the road to Sedgwick, whose troops might not inappropriately be called the Ball's Bluff Division. Here was Baker's own regiment, the 71st Pa.; here the 15th and 20th Mass., and the "Tammany Regiment," the 42d N. Y., which had sustained such ghastly losses on the 21st of October, 1861, on the banks of the Potomac. At the head of the column marched the 1st Minn., and well did that peerless regiment this day set the pace for the rescuing column. At every step the vehement burst of musketry from the left and front told how sore was the need of the left wing, and quickened the pace of

Sully's men almost to a run.

It was 5 o'clock when the head of Sedgwick's column, issuing from a belt of wood, saw in front Couch's four regiments still massed at the Adams House, uncertain whether the arrival of reinforcements would enable them to hold their position, or whether they should be obliged to attempt to cut their way through to rejoin the rest of their corps along the Williamsburg road. Couch's timely withdrawal to the Adams House had not only saved his command from immediate destruction, but had deterred Whiting's (Confederate) Division from

PASSING ACROSS HIS FRONT to attack Keyes's right. Uncertain as to Couch's numbers, Whiting had called in four brigades—his own, Hutton's, Hampton's and Pettigrew's—to attack our troops at the Adams House, while Hood's Texan Brigade was halted on its way to attack Keyes, awaiting the issue of the impending contest at Fair Oaks.

These dispositions had consumed the time which enabled Sedgwick's column to reach the field. Hardly, however, had the first four regiments of Sedgwick, the 1st Minn., 15th Mass., 34th and 82d N. Y., been thrown into line on the right and left of Couch's Brigade; hardly had the gallant Kirby brought his gleaming



BATTLEFIELD OF FAIR OAKS.

Napoleons into battery on the right of the Adams House, when the storm burst.

Three Confederate brigades were heavily massed in a body of woods whose inner edge was held by three regiments—the 1st Minn. on the right, then the 65th N. Y., then the 83d Pa., extending to the road which led from the Adams House down to Fair Oaks Station. On our left of this road was Kirby's battery, with two guns of Brady's supported by the 63d N. Y. and the 7th and 15th Mass. This covered the whole front of the enemy's attack, which did not greatly exceed 400 yards. The action was fought under the very eyes of Gen. Smith and Johnston, and the presence of their chiefs inspired the Confederate troops to the most

ABSOLUTE AND DESPERATE EXERTIONS. Again and again did they seek to break through the infantry line on the right of Kirby; every time they were driven back by the steady fire of the three regiments stationed there. Again and again they charged Kirby's battery in front, some of the bravest falling within 15 feet of Kirby's guns; every time they were swept away by the deadly discharges of canister, double-shotted, which were served them by Kirby and his gallant Lieutenants, Woodruff and French. The Union line would not be broken or shaken in its stout defense.

And now the arrival of other regiments crowding up from Grapevine bridge enabled Gen. Sumner to assume the aggressive. The white-haired old chieftain, who has never, since the first shot was fired, been distant 10 yards from the infantry line, sends two of Burns's Pennsylvania regiments to the support of the 1st Minn. on the right, where Gen. Sedgwick is watching the fortunes of the battle; directs Gen. Couch to assume command of the center, and himself proceeds to form a line of battle on the left at right angles with that which had so long

WITHSTOOD THE FIERCE ASSAULTS of the Confederates. For this purpose he deploys the 15th Mass., 34th and 82d N. Y., 7th Mich. and 20th Mass., and leads them across the front of the main line. The charge was timely, and it sufficed. The Confederates, heavily massed in the woods, had suffered fearfully from the fire, both of artillery and musketry, to which they had been for an hour subjected. Twelve hundred had fallen in their vain efforts to break our line and capture Kirby's guns. Gen. Hutton had been killed; Gen. Hampton and Pettigrew severely wounded. The charge of Sumner's new line, taking them in flank, was something they were ill-prepared to resist.

At first our troops advanced, firing, but they gathered inspiration as they went on; of a sudden a sharp clatter along the whole line told that bayonets were being fixed, and with a cheer our men sprang forward and Fair Oaks was won. The enemy sullenly gave way; Gen. Pettigrew, severely wounded, was brought into the hospital at the Adams House, and three field officers, with many wounded and unwounded prisoners, and one, or perhaps two, colors, remained in our hands as the fruits of this victory. Night was now fast closing in, and Gen. Sumner,

FULL OF FIGHT AS HE WAS, did not deem it prudent to advance through the woods against the four brigades he had so rudely repulsed, to whose support the brigades of Hood, Semmes and Griffith had been hurriedly called in.

It is no wonder that the Confederates

called the action of May 31 the battle of Seven Pines, for on that end of the line they had been completely victorious, carrying our intrenchments by storm, and capturing guns, colors and prisoners. It is as little matter of wonder that our people should have preferred to call it the battle of Fair Oaks, for on the right we were altogether victorious.

It is not needful to describe the battle of the early morning of June 1st between the fresh divisions of Richardson and Hooker and the Confederate brigades of Pickett, Pryor and Wilcox, of Colston, Armistead and Mahone. This brief story of the 31st of May has been told only as a tribute to the gallant old chieftain who, on that Saturday afternoon, crossed the Chickahominy to the rescue of the beaten left.

WAKED THE WRONG MAN. Stirring Up a Cyclone at Shiloh—A Laughable Incident.

During the recent session of the Army of the Tennessee at Rock Island, many war memories were revived, and one, told by Gen. Martin R. Meade, of Chicago, will doubtless be as amusing to our readers as it was to those who heard it.

"I had a little experience the night after the fight had ended at Shiloh," he said, "which I'll never forget. You know it rained there worse than it did at Waterloo, and very soon after the battle was over it became intensely dark. After

tramping around in the mud, under the leaden stars, about four or five hours, I and another young soldier determined to go around the field and find a board for a seat, or a blanket or something else from which to make a bed or a bivouac, but after a long search we could not find anything. Everything that could possibly be used for such purposes was already covering either the sleeping, dead, or dying. We had almost despaired, when one of us struck a board with our feet, and feeling along in the dense darkness, found a soldier lying cross-wise upon it. We could tell by his breathing as we bent low over him that he was sleeping soundly—evidently very tired—and as we could feel some half dozen other boards under him, we thought he could easily spare one. So we resolved to quietly slip the longest one out and carry it away. The right or wrong of our purpose didn't trouble us much. We just wanted that board, that was all, and tried repeatedly to pull it from under him, but couldn't. The fact that the rain pelted his face, and that we jostled his body and yet didn't awaken him, encouraged us to operate with more boldness. We divided—one going to the other side and pushing while the other pulled; but it was in vain; we couldn't budge it. Yet all the more we were baffled the more we seemed to want it. I don't think I ever longed for anything more intensely in all my life. The winter winds, howling and whistling around the house gables, never made a warmer bed seem more luxurious to another than did the thought of me of having that board that night for a protection from the storm above or the mud below. Besides, it seemed like our only chance, so we never thought once of leaving without it. Indeed, we felt that we couldn't possibly do without it. It was like the case of the boy after the wood-chuck, you know, we simply 'had to have it,' and when we found that we couldn't get it quietly we formed the desperate resolve to give it a sudden jerk, get it loose, and run with it. We knew this would awaken the soldier, and thought it possible also that he would shoot; but one or two extra shots carried no terror, after the experience of the two days just past—beside, the darkness made the danger still less. So getting a good grip, we gave a strong, sudden pull with our combined strength, and succeeded most admirably in raising it upward and also in jerking it from his feet the sleeping soldier—Gen. Sherman!

"Of course he made some remarks—very like those of the army in Flanders. That's how we knew him, recognized his voice. But we didn't stay to hear him. Without intending any disrespect we left for a cooler and more congenial climate we knew of, and that, too, just as fast as we could. No, you don't want me to tell you what he said. Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since then and I couldn't give you his exact words now if I would, and I don't believe I would if I could. They had much less of learned length than thundering sound, I recollect; and I have often thought since if that part of the mantle of night stretching over the ridge just back of the site of the old Shiloh Church is badly blistered or burnt, then was those red-hot explosives fired with such rapid and terrific force at us at that time, and not the fire of the contending armies, that did it!

"Yes, I have told him of it—confessed my guilt—and the dear old man has long since forgiven me and laughed heartily over the incident; but I doubt if all of St. Paul's eloquence could have convinced him that night that he would ever live to laugh over it, or forgive the culprit that tried to steal that board from under him. No, we didn't get it, after all. We left it right there—didn't want it. The urgent desire and seeming necessity for it suddenly ceased because the storm, with its cold, drizzling torrents, and heaven-cleaving thunderbolts, seemed to us so very much more desolating and serene than the cyclone we had just stirred up."

NO IMPEDIMENT. Baggage is called impediment, because it hinders an army in its movements. Stonewall Jackson understood it better than any other commander during the war. Sherman understood it and resolved that his army should move in light marching order. Tents were forbidden except to the sick and wounded. Only one tent was allowed to each headquarters for an office. Sherman himself obeyed the order, neither himself nor his staff having a tent or furniture of any kind. They only had "dies," which they could spread over fence rails or poles to shelter them from the rain, and which could be carried by soldiers on their shoulders or strapped to saddles. Wagons hinder an army, and by this means the wagon trains were greatly reduced. The campaign was to be through the mountain region, where there were few roads, and those winding through narrow valleys.

THE COUNTRY. The great Appalachian chain of mountains begins to fade out in Central Georgia, but from Chattanooga to Atlanta, a distance of 75 miles, the mountains are like the waves of the sea, long parallel ranges, running northeast and southwest. The little creeks which empty into the Tennessee from the south are not more than 20 or 30 miles long. The railroad which runs from Chattanooga to Atlanta winds along the Chickamauga Creek through a gap in Taylor's Ridge at Ringgold, then goes on to Rocky Face Ridge, piercing it at Tunnel Hill. The sides of the gorge are steep and rocky. Buzzards wheel and circle high in air above the rocky cliffs, and at night find roost upon the trees. In years gone by somebody named the place Buzzard's Roost. Four miles farther south we come to Dalton. The raindrops which fall on the western slope of Rocky Face Ridge flow to the Tennessee and thence to the Ohio and Mississippi, but the springs which rise on the eastern slope take a much shorter route to the Gulf of Mexico through the Coosa. At Dalton a railroad comes down from Cleveland and Knoxville. Ten miles south of Dalton is the town of Kennesaw, on the north bank of the Oostanaula, one of the branches of the Coosa.

POSITION OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY. Through the Winter of 1863-4 the Confederate army occupied Tunnel Hill and Dalton. No attempt had been made to drive it from its chosen position. The Union army was not ready to move. It was undergoing reorganization and consolidation. We have already seen Gen. Grant made commander of all the armies, with Sherman placed at the head of all the troops west of the mountains. While Sherman is getting ready to move, let us take a near look at the Confederate army at Buzzard's Roost and Dalton.

It was a day for Gen. Bragg and the Confederate army, in that last week of October, 1863, when they were swept from Missionary Ridge and compelled to flee southward to Dalton, setting on fire an immense pile of corn in sacks, hundreds of barrels of flour, bacon, bread, peas, sugar, staving in the heads of molasses hogsheads. A river of sirup flowed along the railway at Chickamauga Station. The soldiers filled their canteens and dippers. Those who had no dippers lay down and drank from the flowing stream, getting their uncut beard and hair gummy with the sticky melado. They emptied the corn from the sacks, filled them with bread, flung them across their shoulders, jabbed their bayonets into sides of bacon, filled their pockets with sugar. They had been kept on short rations, but now helped themselves liberally. They cursed Gen. Bragg as the prime cause of all their misfortunes. It was a blunder, they said, to send Longstreet to Knoxville, when every soldier was needed at Chattanooga. Bragg never was liked by his men, neither by his officers.

Gen. Taylor, of the Confederate army, draws this portrait of him: "He was the most laborious of commanders, devoting every moment to the discharge of his duties. As a disciplinarian he far surpassed any of the senior Confederate Generals, but his method was harsh, and he could have won the affections of his troops only by leading them to victory. Many years of dyspepsia had made him sour and petulant, and he was intolerant to a degree of neglect of duty, or what he seemed to be such, by his officers."

Some of the retreating soldiers laughed over the misfortune that had come to him who had been so sharp toward them, and were not sorry that he had been defeated. It was a sore blow to Bragg, who asked to be relieved of the command, and was called to Richmond to be Jefferson Davis's military counselor.

The people of the South demanded that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston should be appointed commander. President Davis did not like him, but the clamor was so great that he was forced to comply, and on Dec. 27 Johnston assumed command. Through the Winter we see him keeping a large gang of slaves at work with axes and shovels, constructing fortifications at points along the railroad between Chattanooga and Atlanta, correctly surmising that the Union army will make its next move toward that great workshop of the Confederacy, where foundries are flaming and machinery whirling, turning out supplies for the army. A soldier of the 1st Tenn. (Confederate) draws this picture of Gen. Johnston: "Fancy, if you please, a man about 50 years old, rather small of stature, but firmly built, an open countenance and a keen restless eye that seemed to read your innermost thoughts. In his dress he was a perfect dandy. He ever wore the finest clothes that could be obtained, carrying out in dress and the paraphernalia of the soldier the plan adopted by the War Department at Richmond, never omitting anything, even to the trappings of his horse, bridle and saddle. His hat was decorated with a star and feather, his coat with every star and embellishment, and he wore a bright new sash, big gauntlets, and silver spurs. He was the very picture of a General."

The army was in a sad plight when he assumed command. The men were deserting. The soldiers were losing hope. They had little to eat. A train came whirling into Dalton, and almost before the cars came to a stand-still the soldiers broke them open and helped themselves to supplies. Gen. Johnston wisely ordered two days' rations, one of extra, to be issued. Bragg had scripped them, but he gave them all they could eat. Give a soldier enough to eat and an able commander can do anything with him, but scant supplies, when supplies can be had, will speedily bring discontent. Johnston ordered tobacco and whisky to be issued twice a week, and sugar, coffee and flour, instead of meal. He ordered tents, clothes, shoes, hats, and gave furloughs to one-third of the army at a time, till every soldier had an opportunity to go home, imitating Gen. Hooker, who brought up the spirits of the Union army after the defeat of Fredericksburg. Bragg had been strict about small things, ordering roll-call several times a day. We are to remember that volunteering had ceased long before Bragg

SAVING THE NATION.

The Story of the War Retold for Our
Boys and Girls.

ON TO ATLANTA.

Sherman's Preparations for the
Advance from Chattanooga.

THE CAMPAIGN OPENS.

The Confederate Army Manu-
vered Out of Dalton.BY "CARLETON,"
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LXXXIII.

To the Boys and Girls of the United States:

On the 18th day of March, 1864, Gen. Sherman issued his orders as commander of the Military Division of the Mississippi, at Nashville. It included what had formerly been the Departments of the Ohio, Cumberland, Tennessee and Arkansas. Gen. Grant wanted one controlling mind west of the Alleghenies. He believed in concentration. We have already seen what his general plan was to be, the movement of the Army of the Potomac against the Confederate army under Lee in Virginia; the movement of the consolidated armies of the West, under Sherman, against the Confederate army at Dalton, 30 miles south of Chattanooga, under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Three armies were consolidated into one—the Army of the Ohio, under Gen. Schofield, 14,000; the Army of the Tennessee, under Gen. McPherson, 25,000; the Army of the Cumberland, under Gen. Thomas, 60,000. The entire army, including the cavalry, numbered nearly 100,000, with 254 guns.

PREPARING FOR THE CAMPAIGN. A General commanding a great army, and moving into a hostile country with a hostile population behind him, has many things to think of, and must take long looks ahead. Chattanooga is 130 miles from Nashville, Sherman's base of supplies, reached by a single track of iron rails. From Nashville to Louisville is 185 miles. The entire distance must be guarded. At every bridge there must be soldiers ever on the watch, for the Confederates are on the alert to throw a rail from its place or set fire to a bridge, to wreck a train, or block the road. To feed 100,000 men and all the mules and horses will require great energy. The line of advance is to be through a country already exhausted of supplies, and so wasted that the people from Nashville to Chattanooga are on the verge of starvation, and must be supplied with food. Gen. Sherman could not attempt to advance without accumulating a large supply of food and ammunition at Chattanooga. To the poor people it seemed a cruel order which he issued, limiting the use of the cars to the transportation of food and supplies for the army and forbidding the issue of food to the suffering people. He compelled the commanders of posts within 30 miles of Nashville to haul their supplies in wagons. The soldiers going to and returning from the army were obliged to march, and all the cattle purchased for beef were driven instead of being transported in the cars. As there was little for the cattle to eat they were not much more than skin and bones when they reached the army. By this strict order the capacity of the railroad was nearly doubled, but Gen. Sherman saw that there must be more engines and cars. Necessity knows no law, and military law does just what it pleases. He called the Master of Transportation, Col. Anderson; the Chief Quartermaster, Gen. Donaldson; and his Chief Commissary to Nashville.

"One hundred thousand men and thirty-five thousand animals must be fed and supplies accumulated," said Sherman.

"You must have 130 car loads a day, and we have not enough cars or engines to do it," is the reply.

"Seize all the cars and engines that arrive in Nashville from the North," is the order, and 400 cars and 40 engines are seized.

"We must have our cars and engines back again, or we cannot bring our supplies from Louisville to Nashville," said Mr. Guthrie, President of the railroad.

"You must stand by me. Seize cars and engines that come to Louisville from Cincinnati," is the reply, and the order is carried out.

In a short time the cars are thick on the road, train succeeding train in quick succession. Gen. Sherman left the railroads to settle with the Government as best they could. Managers of railroads in the North, wondering what had become of their cars, found them after many months, after Sherman was at Atlanta, doing service on this greatest military highway of the country.

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THE COUNTRY. The great Appalachian chain of mountains begins to fade out in Central Georgia, but from Chattanooga to Atlanta, a distance of 75 miles, the mountains are like the waves of the sea, long parallel ranges, running northeast and southwest. The little creeks which empty into the Tennessee from the south are not more than 20 or 30 miles long. The railroad which runs from Chattanooga to Atlanta winds along the Chickamauga Creek through a gap in Taylor's Ridge at Ringgold, then goes on to Rocky Face Ridge, piercing it at Tunnel Hill. The sides of the gorge are steep and rocky. Buzzards wheel and circle high in air above the rocky cliffs, and at night find roost upon the trees. In years gone by somebody named the place Buzzard's Roost. Four miles farther south we come to Dalton. The raindrops which fall on the western slope of Rocky Face Ridge flow to the Tennessee and thence to the Ohio and Mississippi, but the springs which rise on the eastern slope take a much shorter route to the Gulf of Mexico through the Coosa. At Dalton a railroad comes down from Cleveland and Knoxville. Ten miles south of Dalton is the town of Kennesaw, on the north bank of the Oostanaula, one of the branches of the Coosa.

POSITION OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY. Through the Winter of 1863-4 the Confederate army occupied Tunnel Hill and Dalton. No attempt had been made to drive it from its chosen position. The Union army was not ready to move. It was undergoing reorganization and consolidation. We have already seen Gen. Grant made commander of all the armies, with Sherman placed at the head of all the troops west of the mountains. While Sherman is getting ready to move, let us take a near look at the Confederate army at Buzzard's Roost and Dalton.

It was a day for Gen. Bragg and the Confederate army, in that last week of October, 1863, when they were swept from Missionary Ridge and compelled to flee southward to Dalton, setting on fire an immense pile of corn in sacks, hundreds of barrels of flour, bacon, bread, peas, sugar, staving in the heads of molasses hogsheads. A river of sirup flowed along the railway at Chickamauga Station. The soldiers filled their canteens and dippers. Those who had no dippers lay down and drank from the flowing stream, getting their uncut beard and hair gummy with the sticky melado. They emptied the corn from the sacks, filled them with bread, flung them across their shoulders, jabbed their bayonets into sides of bacon, filled their pockets with sugar. They had been kept on short rations, but now helped themselves liberally. They cursed Gen. Bragg as the prime cause of all their misfortunes. It was a blunder, they said, to send Longstreet to Knoxville, when every soldier was needed at Chattanooga. Bragg never was liked by his men, neither by his officers.

Some of the retreating soldiers laughed over the misfortune that had come to him who had been so sharp toward them, and were not sorry that he had been defeated. It was a sore blow to Bragg, who asked to be relieved of the command, and was called to Richmond to be Jefferson Davis's military counselor.

The people of the South demanded that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston should be appointed commander. President Davis did not like him, but the clamor was so great that he was forced to comply, and on Dec. 27 Johnston assumed command. Through the Winter we see him keeping a large gang of slaves at work with axes and shovels, constructing fortifications at points along the railroad between Chattanooga and Atlanta, correctly surmising that the Union army will make its next move toward that great workshop of the Confederacy, where foundries are flaming and machinery whirling, turning out supplies for the army. A soldier of the 1st Tenn. (Confederate) draws this picture of Gen. Johnston: "Fancy, if you please, a man about 50 years old, rather small of stature, but firmly built, an open countenance and a keen restless eye that seemed to read your innermost thoughts. In his dress he was a perfect dandy. He ever wore the finest clothes that could be obtained, carrying out in dress and the paraphernalia of the soldier the plan adopted by the War Department at Richmond, never omitting anything, even to the trappings of his horse, bridle and saddle. His hat was decorated with a star and feather, his coat with every star and embellishment, and he wore a bright new sash, big gauntlets, and silver spurs. He was the very picture of a General."



GEN. D. N. COUCH.

rated, on the 25th of May pushed forward the Fourth Corps, supported only by the Third, to within easy striking distance of the Confederate intrenchments near Richmond, retaining the remaining corps on the farther (left) bank of the river.

The criticism which the mere statement of these dispositions irresistibly suggests, is that at least the center corps, the Second, under Sumner, should also have been thrown across the river to protect the right and rear of the Fourth Corps. It is, indeed, fairly a question whether, until the communication of the two wings should be made easy, rapid and sure by laying down numerous bridges, at least a division also of Franklin's Sixth Corps should not have been likewise advanced, in order to render the exposed por-

tion of the army strong enough to repel any attack that might be made upon it. The force that should remain on the left bank could, in the nature of the situation, only be successfully attacked by a movement around its right flank, such as took place in the latter days of June, of which abundant notice would necessarily be given, and which would require for its execution the better part of two days.